

LITERARY EXAMINER.

(From the American Courier.)

Nature and Fashion.
(From *Swain's Elegies*, Melodist.)
"The nature makes the gentleman,
The innate moulds the heart and mind,
Endows far more than fashion can,
With all the beauties of the soul;
Your rank is but a human gift,
And all experience proves it so;
No earthly title yet could lift
The mean, the worthless, and the low.
Then be ye bold when fools look cold,
For right and reason both commend it,
And surely they who make the gold
Are good as they who waste or spend it."

The innate moulds the heart and mind.
The innate moulds the heart and mind,
Endows far more than fashion can,
With all the beauties of the soul;
Your rank is but a human gift,
And all experience proves it so;
No earthly title yet could lift
The mean, the worthless, and the low.
Then be ye bold when fools look cold,
For right and reason both commend it,
And surely they who make the gold
Are good as they who waste or spend it."

From the Courier des Etats Unis.
History of the Republic of 1848.
Such is the title of a new work which Lamartine has just published, and in which are found all the qualities that insure to its author a distinguished place among historians; fecundity of inspiration, elevation of ideas, magnificence of language. The fragment of this book, which we reproduce, is the most eloquent and the most earnest plea that could be made to justify the adoption of the republic. In it the pomp of forms is happily united with the inspirations of the most fervent patriotism, and of the most judicious policy. It is an admirable page which the old parties themselves are forced to admire.

M. Lamartine first makes known the reasons which decided him to call for the formation of a provisional government, and to prefer the republic to the monarchy. Retained at home on the morning of the 24th by indisposition, he did not think of quitting his state of inaction. Events, says he, passed over him: he would hear of them, as the public, with indifference or with joy, according as they appeared to serve or operate against the disinterested cause he bore in his heart. But news was brought him. He was informed that they were in the dread of an invasion of the people at the Chamber of Deputies. Danger threatened his colleagues. He got up and started out, "from the instinct of honor and not from political motives."

After having drawn a rapid and poetic sketch of the aspect of the city, as he passed along, of his meeting with different persons with whom he had no time to converse, M. Oudon Barrot, General Perrot, and some journalists of the opposition, the author continues his narration:
The group of republicans which surrounded Lamartine on his entry into the passage of the Chamber, asked of him a secret and urgent interview in a remote hall of the palace. M. Lamartine conducted them to it. The doors were closed. The greater part of those men were known to him only by sight.

One of them spoke in the name of all: The hour presses, said he, events are hanging over the unknown. We are republicans; our convictions, our thoughts, our lives are devoted to the Republic. It is not at the moment when our friends have shed their blood during three days, for this cause common to the people and us, that we should disown it. It shall ever be the soul of our souls, the highest aim of our hopes, the unwavering tendency of our acts and our writings. In a word, we will never abandon it, but we may postpone it and suspend it in consideration of interests superior, in our eyes, to the Republic itself, the interests of our country. Is France ripe for that form of government? Will she accept it without resistance, or will she submit to it without violence?

In a word, is it not more dangerous to launch her to-morrow into the fulness of these institutions, than to retain her upon the threshold, letting her behold them in the distance, and causing her to desire them more passionately? You see now the state of our minds; you see our scruples, let us resolve them. We are not acquainted with you, we do not flatter you, but we esteem you. The people invoke your name. They have confidence in you. You are in our mind the man for the hour. Whatever you say, shall be said. Whatever you wish, shall be done. The reign of Louis Philippe is over. No reconciliation is possible between him and us. But can a temporary continuation of royalty under the name of a child, under the hand of a weak woman, and under the direction of a popular minister, the mandatory of the people and dear to the republicans; can this put an end to the crisis, and initiate the nation into the republic under the vain name of monarchy? Are you willing to be the minister, the guardian of expiring royalty and rising liberty, by governing this woman, this child, this people? The republican party places itself authentically in your power by our voices. We are ready to take upon ourselves the formal engagement of bearing you to power by the hand, henceforth inviolable, of the revolution which rumbles at these doors, of sustaining you there, of continuing you there by our votes, by our journals, by our secret societies, by our disciplined forces in the body of the people. Your cause shall be ours. The minister of a republic for France and for Europe, you will be the minister of the true Republic for us.

The excited and conscientious orator ceased to speak; his colleagues gave the assent of their silence and their gestures to his words.
Lamartine asked of them a moment of reflection to weigh in his mind a resolution and a responsibility so terrible. He placed his elbows upon the table, buried his forehead in his hands, and mentally invoked the inspirations of Him who alone deceives not; he reflected almost without breathing for five or six minutes. The republicans remained standing in front of him, and grouped around the table. At last Lamartine removed his hands, raised his head and said to them:

Gentlemen, our situations, our precedents, are very different, and the parts we play here are very strange. You are of the old uncompromising republicans; I am not a republican of that school, and yet it is I who am going at this time to be more republican than you. Let us understand one another; I regard, as you do, republican government, that is to say, government of the people by their own reason and their own will, as the sole aim and end of great civilizations, as the sole instruments of bringing about the great general truths that a people may wish to engrave into its laws. Other governments are but guardianships, avowals of the eternal minority of the people, imperfections in the eye of philosophy, humiliations in the eye of history; but I have none of the impudence of the man who wishes to advance faster than ideas, no arbitrary fanaticism for such, or such a form of government. All that I wish is,

that these forms progress, that they keep neither before, nor behind, the head of the column of the people, but at the exact height of the ideas and the instincts of an epoch. I am not then an absolute republican, as you, but I am a statesman, and it is as a statesman that I should consider it my duty, at this time, to refuse the co-operation which you are ready to offer me for the purpose of postponing the Republic, were it about to come into existence in one hour. It is as a statesman that I declare to you that I do not conspire, that I do not overthrow, that I do not desire the reign to come to a disastrous end, but if the reign fall of itself, I shall not attempt to raise it again, and that I shall enter only into a complete movement, that is to say, into the Republic.

There was a moment of silence. Astonishment, a sort of stupefaction mingled with doubt, was painted upon their countenances. Lamartine began again:
I will tell you why. In great crises, society requires great forces. If the government of the King fall to-day, we shall enter into one of the greatest crises that a people ever had to pass through, before finding another definite form of government. A reign of eighteen years by a single man, in the name of a single class of citizens, has accumulated floods of ideas, of revolutionary discontents, of grudges and resentments, which will demand of the new reign impossible satisfaction. The indefinite reform which to-day triumphs in the street, cannot be defined, cannot be limited, without throwing into a state of rebellion all the classes of the people which have been cast beyond the protection of the sovereignty. Republicans, legitimists, socialists, communists, terrorists, distinct in their aims, will be united by anger for the purpose of overthrowing the feeble barrier which a true government would attempt in vain to raise against them. The Chamber of Deputies has lost all moral authority by the twofold action of the corruption which disgraces it, and of the press which renders it unpopular. The electors are only an imperceptible oligarchy in the State. The army is discontented, and fears to commit a parricide by turning its arms against the citizens.

The National Guard, that impartial force, has taken sides with the opposition. The old respect for the King has received a shock in the hearts of the people by his obstinacy and defeat. With what force will you surround to-morrow, that throne erected to place upon it a child? Reform! But that is only a banner which conceals the republic. Universal suffrage! But that is an enigma, and it contains a mystery. With one word and one movement it will swallow up these remains of monarchy, this phantom of opposition, these shades of ministers, which shall attempt to control it. Its second word may be monarchy and empire, its first word will be republic; you will have done no more than prepare a royal prey for it to devour. Who will sustain the regency? Will it be the great property class? But that belongs to history. Will it be the medium property class? But it is personal and mercantile; an agitated minority, a reign in permanent sedition, will ruin its interests, and will lead it to demand immediately a settled state in the Republic. Finally, will it be the people? But they are conquerors, they are in arms, they are triumphant everywhere, they have been learning doctrines, for these fifteen years, which will seize the opportunity to push their victory over royalty even to the overturning of society itself.

The regency will be the Fronde of the people, the Fronde with the addition of the popular, communist, and social element. Society, defended only by a government of a small number, under a form of royalty which will be neither a monarchy nor a republic, will receive a stroke that will reach to its foundations. The people, calm, ed, perhaps, this evening, by the proclamation of the regency, will return to the assault to-morrow, to compel a shifting to some other experiment. Each of these irresistible manifestations will carry off, with a half concession, a shred of power; the people will be urged on to it by republicans more implacable than you. You will have left of the throne what will suffice to irritate liberty, not enough to restrain it. The throne will be the mark against which will be directed the opposition, the seditions, the aggressions of the multitude. You will proceed from the 29th of June, to the 10th of August, and on to the unfortunate days of September. To-day, the scaffold will be asked of this feeble power, within; to-morrow, war will be demanded of it, without. It will not dare to refuse anything, else it will be forced. You will entice the people to blood. Misfortune and shame to the revolution, if they taste of it. You would fall into the misery, the fanaticism, the socialism of '93. Civil war, set on by hunger and by property, that nightmare of the Utopians, will be ready to break out every moment. For having wished to stop the progress of a woman and a child on their descent to a pacific dethronement, you will cause France, property, and the family relation to roll into an abyss of anarchy and blood.

The countenances of those present gave signs of emotion. Lamartine continued:
As for myself, I see too clearly the series of consecutive catastrophes which I should prepare for my country, by undertaking to arrest the avalanche of such a revolution upon a declivity where no dynamic force can retain it, without accumulating its mass, its weight, and the ruins of its fall.
There is, I repeat it, but one force capable of preserving the people from the dangers which a revolution in such a social condition, is going to expose them to. It is the force of the people themselves, it is entire freedom. It is the suffrage, the will, the reason, the interest, the hand, the weapon of all; it is the Republic.

Yes, it is the Republic, continued he, with an accent of firm conviction, which alone is able to save us to-day from anarchy, civil war, foreign war, spoliation, from the overthrow of society, and from foreign invasion. The remedy is heroic, I know; but in crises of times and ideas, such as this in which we live, there is no effective policy, but a policy great and bold, like the crisis itself. By giving the Republic, to-morrow, by its name, to the people, you disarm them of the word which agitates them. What do I say? You change their anger into joy, their fury into enthusiasm.

All that have the republican sentiment in their hearts, all that dream of the Republic in their imaginations, all that regret, all that aspire, all that reason, all that reflect in France; Republicans of the secret societies, republicans, speculative republicans, people, tribunes, youth, schools, journalists, men of action, men of thought, send forth but one cry, range themselves around their banner, arm themselves to de-

lend it, rally, confusedly at first, then in order, to defend the government, and to protect society itself behind this government by all. It is the supreme power, which may have its agitations, never its dethronement, nor its fall; for this government is built upon the foundations of the nation; it makes its only appeal to all; it alone can bring, by the voice and hand of all, the reason, the will, the suffrage, and arms necessary to save not only the nation from servitude, but society, the family relation, property, and morality, menaced, as they are, by the deluge of ideas which ferment under the foundations of this throne, half tumbled to the ground.

If anarchy can be conquered, be assured, it is by the Republic! If communism can be vanquished, it is by the Republic! If the revolution can be moderated, it is by the Republic! If blood can be spared, it is by the Republic! If universal war, if the invasion which it would probably bring upon us as a reaction of Europe, can be turned aside, be assured again, it is by the Republic! You see, then, why, in reason and in conscience, before God and before you, without illusion as without fanaticism, if the hour in which we deliberate is big with a revolution, I do not conspire for any, but if there must be one, I shall accept it in its full extent, and shall take my stand in favor of the Republic.

But, added he, rising to his feet, I hope that God will spare this crisis to my country, for I accept revolutions; I do not excite them. To take the responsibility of a people requires a villain, a fool, or a God.

Lamartine is right, exclaimed one of the interlocutors, more impartial than we, he has nevertheless, more faith in our ideas, than we ourselves.

We are convinced, they all exclaimed. Let us separate, and do, added they, addressing Lamartine, what circumstances shall teach you is best.

IN THE LITERARY WORLD. We find several extracts from Sir Charles Lyell's "Second Visit to the United States of North America," some of which we select:

ENGLISH SPOKEN HERE.—While at New Orleans, Mrs. Keen told my wife she had been complimented on speaking English so well; and some wonder had been expressed that she never omitted or mispronounced her h's. In like manner during our tour in New England, some of the natives, on learning that we habitually resided in London, exclaimed that they had never heard us confound our v's and w's. The Pickwick Papers have been so universally read in this country, that it is natural the Americans should imagine Sam Weller's pronunciation to be a type of that usually spoken in the old country, at least in and about the metropolis.

UNITED STATES MEDICAL STUDENTS IN LONDON.—We went to an evening party at the house of one of the Professors of the University, and met many of his colleagues, and some medical students. Two of the latter informed me that they had been sent to London to finish their course of study, having been brought up to feel great respect and veneration for English educational establishments. They had been received kindly and politely by the professors, but the prejudices of the majority of their fellow-pupils against the institutions of the United States, and still more their rude remarks about the vulgarity of all Americans (of whom they knew scarcely anything) had so wounded their national feelings, that they had written home to entreat their parents to allow them to attend classes at Paris, or in some German University, to which they had reluctantly assented. These young men, being of good families in Kentucky, were gentlemanlike in their manners, in this respect decidedly above the average standard of students of the same profession in England, and they spoke with no bitterness even on this annoying topic.

WOULD YOU NOT LIKE TO SETTLE HERE? Such citizens were unaffectedly incapable of comprehending that I could have seen so much of the Union, and yet have no wish whatever to live there. Instead of asking, "Would you not like to settle here?" it would be more prudent for them to shape their question thus: "If you were to be born here again, and take your chance, by lot, as to your station in society, what country would you prefer?" Before choosing, I should then have to consider, that the chances are many thousands to one in favor of my belonging to the laboring class, and the land where they are best off, morally, physically, and intellectually, and where they are most progressive, would be the safest one to select. Such being the proposition, the Free States of the Union might well claim a preference.

THE PRACTICAL PEACE PARTY.—I observed to a friend, that when I left the New Englanders, they were decidedly averse to war about Oregon. "Yes," he rejoined, "but they are equally against her trade; whereas, the people in the West, who are talking so big about fighting for Oregon, are in favor of a low tariff and more trade with England, which would make war impossible. Which of these two, think you, is practically the peace party?"

IMPROVEMENT OF A FIRE.—When the citizens of London rejected the splendid plan which Sir Christopher Wren proposed for its restoration, he declared that they had not deserved a fire, but the New Yorkers seem to have taken full advantage of the late catastrophe.

AN IRISH VOTER.—One of these dupes having voted several times over for one candidate, was at length objected to, and observed with naïveté, "that it was hard that his vote should at last be challenged, when so many inspectors had taken it before that same day."

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.—Newspapers for a penny or two-pence are bought freely by the passengers; and, having purchased them at random wherever we went in the northern, middle, southern, and western States, I came to the conclusion that the press of the United States is quite as respectable as our own.

SAVED BY BACON.—One of the 14th was singularly lucky in what appeared a chance mode of saving his life in one of the actions in which the regiment was engaged. The drum beating to arms before he had finished his dinner, he thrust a piece of bacon, too precious a morsel in such precarious times to be wasted, into the breast-pocket of his coat. After the battle was over he discovered a bullet in the bacon; and even afterwards, when, thankfully recounting the tale of his miraculous escape, he used to say he was doubly fortunate, that he had not only saved his bacon, but that his bacon had saved him.—"Recollections of an Old Soldier."

So long as we are among men let us cherish humanity, and so live that no man be either in fear or danger of us.

POETRY.
It may be doubted whether there is any poetry in nature apart from the associations of the mind, just as there is no such thing as color except by the separation of the rays of light. Nature, in her lowest form, may become poetical, when the mind of the poet associates her with the common feelings or common interest of mankind. "The poor beetle that we tread upon" is not poetical in itself, but it becomes poetical in the loftiest degree when it points the moral of the true terror of death, and the great high priest of man and nature announces that the miserable insect "in corporal sufferance feels a pang as great as when a giant dies." Even the description of inanimate nature, though of the lowest character, is unsatisfactory, or inferior at least, if not associated with some human feeling or moral sense. Truth of description seems insufficient unless it be associated with man or his productions. Strike out the allusions to art in the following poetical description of evening, and what will be left?

"Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere to black Eolus's summons
The shroud-birds come; ere the drowsy hums
Of the night-birds' yawnings fall."
And in a similar theme, though the description is more direct, what force is given by the appeal to observation and memory!

"The West yet glimmers with some streaks of day;
Now spurs the latest traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn."
Mere description, a description of nothing but the forms of nature, may be found, and among inferior poets or poetasters in terrible quantities; but the life and interest of descriptive poetry will always arise from some association with the arts, employments, or feelings of man: when they are absent it will soon become insufferably tedious. If this view is correct, the theory of Bowles seems disposed of, though on different grounds from those advanced by Byron and others who engaged in the controversy. It is equally clear that, strictly speaking, there can be no poetry in science; for science is not even a description of any part of nature, but a deduction of general laws from the observation of or experiment upon single facts. A scientific exposition may indeed be treated poetically, just as agriculture may be treated poetically by a competent poet; but it will be done in the same way as other things, that is, by rendering the poetry predominant, and by selecting from the science, or the art, such parts as are best fitted for poetical display, and illustrating them by appeals to the sympathies or associations of the human mind. For example, the security of the gloom-involved mariner through his compass is a more poetical image than many of the recondite or striking scientific facts connected with magnetism.—*Spectator.*

Encounter with Crocodiles.
At noon we saw several hippopotami, some of them real monsters. These may remain here pretty constantly, being perhaps their hunting district, because the river is, on the whole, of great depth in this place. We got on a sandbank, close to which several crocodiles are encamped. The first of these beasts (in truth a fearful leader) attacks the men who are pushing the vessel off the sandbank; then a soldier jumps overboard, armed only with a hatchet, (Chadon,) boldly meets it, and really drives it back into the water. At this moment shots were fired by the soldiers on board the vessels at the whole congregation, but so badly aimed that not one remained dead on the spot—they all made a slow retreat into the water, and we found afterwards, in the moist sand on the shore, fifty-three of the eggs lying together all of a layer. The shells were a little broken, as if cracked, which may be caused by the sun and the humid sand. At first I thought that these eggs might be near hatching; but I was persuaded of their freshness when the crew sat them, roasted in ashes, with much gusto. I tried also a little one, and found the usual taste of eggs, only it seemed to me particularly dry, and the white was more spongy and not compact. My servants had preserved eight of the eggs, which I put among those found in the neighborhood of the crocodile shot by Suliman Kashef. I see that the latter are smaller, but thicker and rounder than the first-named. In general they do not exceed the size of a goose's egg, and differ from birds' eggs subsequently, in Kharium, with another, found by me lying openly in the sand of the shore of the upper stream, on our journey to Sennar, I found the latter to be considerably larger than those of the White Stream. Without wishing to decide by this on the different species of crocodiles, I remark that the people here well know that there are such distinctions.—*Expedition to Discover the Sources of the White Nile.*

Wrong not the Laboring Poor.
By BENNETT ELLIOTT.
Wrong not the laboring poor, by whom ye live,
Wrong not your humble fellow-workers, ye prod,
For God will not the poor man's wrongs forgive,
But hear his plea, and have his plea allowed.

Oh, be not like the vapors, splendor-rolled,
That spring from earth's green breast, usurp
The sky;
Then spread around contagion black and cold,
Till all who mourn the dead prepare to die.

No, imitate the bounteous clouds, that rise
Freighted with blessing from river, vale, and plain,
The thankful clouds which beautify the skies,
They fill the lap of earth with fruit and grain.

Yes, emulate the mountain and the flood,
That trade in blessing with the mighty deep,
Till soothed in peace and satisfied in good,
Man's heart be happy as a child asleep.

THE LIBRARY.—The Library at Edgeworthstown is by no means the stately solitary room that libraries generally are; it is large, spacious, and lofty, well stored with books, and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints, the "sugestive." It is also picturesque, having been added to and supported by pillars so as to increase its breadth; and the beautiful lawn seen through the windows, embellished and varied by clumps of trees, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. If you look at the oblong table in the centre, you will see the rallying point of the family, who were generally grouped around it, reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point—that all in the house should do exactly as they liked, without reference to her—sat in her own peculiar corner on the sofa; her desk—upon which was Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her by him when in Ireland, placed before her on a little quaint, unassuming table, constructed and added to for convenience. Miss Edgeworth's abstractedness, and yet power of attention to what was going on—the one not seeming to interfere with the other, puzzled me exceedingly.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Memories of Maria Edgeworth."*

TRUISMS.—A truism misapplied is the worst of sophisms.—*Guesses at Truth.*

(From the American Courier.)
"TAKING IT FOR GRANTED."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Everton was the editor and publisher of the "Journal," and like too many occupying his position, was not on the best terms in the world with certain contemporaries of the same city. One morning, on opening the paper from a rival office, he found an article therein which appeared as a communication, that pointed to him so directly as to leave no room for a mistake as to the allusions that were made.

Of course Mr. Everton was considerably disturbed by the occurrence, and thoughts of retaliation arose in his mind. The style was not that of the editor, and so, though he felt incensed at that personage for admitting the article, he went beyond him and cast about in his mind for some clue that would enable him to identify the writer. In this he did not long find himself at a loss. He had a man in his own employment who possessed all the ability necessary to write the article, and upon whom, for certain reasons, he soon fixed the origin of the attack.

"Have you seen that article in the Gazette?" asked an acquaintance, who came into Everton's office while he sat with the paper referred to still in his hand.

"I have," replied Everton, compressing his lips.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"It'll do no harm, of course. But that doesn't touch the malice of the writer."

"No."

"Nor make him any the less base at heart."

"Do you know the author?"

"I believe so."

"Who is he?"

"My impression is that Ayres wrote it."

"Ayres!"

"Yes."

"Why he is indebted to you for his bread."

"I know he is, and that makes his act one of deeper baseness."

"What could have induced him to be guilty of such a thing?"

"That's just what I've been trying to study out, and I believe I understand it all fully. Some six months ago, he asked me to sign a recommendation for his appointment to a vacant clerkship in one of our banks. I told him that I would do so with pleasure, only that my nephew was an applicant, and I had already given him my name. He didn't appear to like this, which I thought very unreasonable, to say the least of it."

"Why the man must be insane! How could he expect you to sign the application of two men for the same place?—Especially how could he expect you to give him a preference over your own nephew?"

"Some men are strangely unreasonable."

"We do not live long in this world becoming cognizant of that fact."

"And for this he held a grudge against you, and now takes occasion to revenge himself."

"So it would seem. I know of nothing else that he can have against me. I have nothing to treat him with kindness and consideration."

"There must be something radically base in his character."

"I'm afraid there is."

"I wouldn't have such a man in my employment."

Everton shrugged his shoulders and elevated his eyebrows, but said nothing.

"A man who attempts thus to injure you in your business by false representations, will not hesitate to wrong you in other ways," said the acquaintance.

"A very natural inference," replied Everton. "I am sorry to have to think so badly of Ayres. But as you say, a man who would, in so base a manner attack another, would not hesitate to do him an injury if a good opportunity offered."

"And it's well for you to think of that."

"True. However, I do not see that he has much chance to do me an ill turn where he is. So far, I must do him the justice to say that he is faithful in the discharge of all his duties."

"Of course. His own interest prompts him to do right here. But when an opportunity to stab me in the dark offers, he embraces it. He did not, probably, imagine that I would see the hand that held the dagger."

"No."

"But I am not so blind as he imagined. Well, such work must not be permitted to go unpunished."

"It ought not to be. When a man indulges his ill-nature towards one individual with entire impunity, he soon gains courage for extended attacks, and others become sharers in the result of his vindictiveness. It is a duty that a man owes to community to let all who maliciously wrong him feel the consequences due to their acts."

"No doubt you are right; and if I keep my present mind, I shall let my particular friend, Mr. Ayres, feel that it is not always safe to stab even in the dark."

The more Mr. Everton thought over the matter, the more fully satisfied was he that Ayres had made the attack upon him. Mr. Ayres was engaged as reporter and assistant editor of his newspaper, at a salary of ten dollars a week. He had a family consisting of a wife and four children, the expense of whose maintenance rather exceeded than came within his income, and small accumulations of debt were a natural result.

Everton had felt some interest in this man, who possessed considerable ability as a writer. He saw that he had a heavy weight upon him, and often noticed that he looked anxious and dejected. On the very day previous to the appearance of the article above referred to, he had been thinking of him with more than usual interest, and had actually meditated an increase of salary as a compensation for more extended services. But that was out of the question now. The wanton and injurious attack which had just appeared, shut up all his bowels of compassion, and so far from meditating the conference of a benefit upon Ayres, he rather inclined to a dismissal of the young man from his establishment.

The longer he dwelt upon it, the more inclined was he to pursue this course, and finally he made up his mind to take some one else in his place. One day after some struggles with himself, he said—

"Mr. Ayres, if you can suit yourself in a place I wish you would do so in the course of the next week or two."

The young man looked surprised, and the blood instantly suffused his face.

"Have I not given you satisfaction?" he enquired.

another to take my place, I will give it up immediately."

Mr. Everton bowed with a formal air, and the young man, who felt hurt at his manner, and partly stunned by the unexpected announcement that he must give up his situation, retired at once.

On the next day, the Gazette contained another article, in which there was even a plain reference to Mr. Everton than before; and it exhibited a bitterness of spirit that was vindictive. He was no longer in doubt as to the origin of these attacks, if he had been previously. In various parts of this last article, he could detect the particular style of Ayres.

"I see that fellow is at work on you again," said the person with whom he had before conversed on the subject.

"Yes; but like the viper, I think he is by this time aware that he is biting on a file."

"Ah! Have you dismissed him from your service?"

"Yes sir."

"You have served him right. No man who attempted to injure me; should eat my bread. What did he say?"

"Nothing. What could he say?—When I told him to find himself another place, as quickly as possible, his guilt wrote itself in his countenance."

"Has he obtained a situation?"

"I don't know; and what is more, I don't care."

"I hope he has, for the sake of his family. It's a pity that they should suffer for his evil deeds."

"I didn't think of them, or I might not have dismissed him. But, it is done now, and there the matter rests."

And there Mr. Everton let it rest, as far as Ayres was concerned. The individual obtained in his place had been, for some years, connected with the press as news collector and paragraph writer.—His name was Tompkins. He was not a general favorite and had never been very highly regarded by Mr. Everton; but he must have some one to fill the place made vacant by the removal of Ayres, and Tompkins was the most available person to be had. There was a difference in the Journal after Tompkins took the place of assistant editor, and a very perceptible difference—it was not for the better.

About three months after Mr. Everton had dismissed Ayres from his establishment, a gentleman said to him,

"I am told that the young man who formerly assisted in your papers is in very destitute circumstances."

"Ayres?"

"Yes. That's his name."

"Ah! I'm sorry to hear it. I wish him no ill; though he tried to do me all the harm he could."

"I'm sorry to hear that. I always had a good opinion of him; and I come, now, to see if I can't interest you in his favor."

Everton shook his head.

"I don't wish to have any thing to do with him."

"It pains me to hear you speak so.—What has he done to cause you to feel so unkindly towards him?"

"He attacked me in another newspaper, wretchedly, at the very time he was employed in my office."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and in a way to do me a serious injury."

"That is bad. Where did the attack appear?"

"In the Gazette."

"Did you trace it to him?"

"Yes; or, rather, it bore internal evidence that enabled me to fix it upon him unequivocally."

"Did you charge it upon him?"